

Whip (feat. Travis Scott)

2 Chainz

Yeah

Do it no hands, yeah, do it, no handstand
They really wanna keep us outside 'Cause you know we go way too live Whippin' again, whippin'

And whippin' and whippin' again, yeah

Back at it again, back at it,

Back at it, back at it again

All winter, all summer

Range Rovers and black Hummers

Ain't go dumb, I went dumber

When it go down, don't go under (Yeah)

Whippin' again, whippin'

And whippin' and whippin' again, yeah

Back at it again, back at it,

Back at it, back at it again

All winter, all summer

Range Rovers and black Hummers

Ain't go dumb, I went dumber

When it go down, don't go under

Sell a bird, KFC (Bird)

And it was twenty LLC's (Yeah)

Alexa play, who played me? (Me)

Just made a mil' like Meek (Alright)

Pick a side, no in-between

Roll an L with the winning team

She a king like Billie Jean (Billie)

I want smoke, yeah, nicotine (Smoke)

Is you finer than Fashion Nova?

I wanna really see what's in them jeans

Is that a lace-front real hair extension,

Or it's just a quick weave? (What?)

I'm 'bout the S with the lines through 'em

Partition with the blind's pulled

Had a deal on the table from

Arm & Hammer, I was gon' sign to 'em

Yeah

Back at it again, whippin'

Again, once again, yeah (Yeah)

Out on the East, park

Up the Benz, I'm the same, yeah (Yeah)

Skrrt off the block, hittin'

Your crib, no advance, yeah (Yeah)

Rip off the shirt,

Rip off the, rip off the, rip off the pants
Do it no hands, yeah,
Do it, no handstand
While we throw bands in,
While we throw bands up
They really wanna
Keep us outside (Outside)
'Cause you know
We go way too live (Too live)
Too turnt up for your club (Too turnt up)
4AM, ain't fucked upGLE, 63 Benz
Yeah, it really depends (Yeah)
Yeah, I'm covered, I'm drenched
Wet floor signs, hope you don't slip
(Slip)
Yeah, my homie a Crip
(Woo)
Seafood and you is a shrimp
(Damn)
Money tall, you gon'
Need stilts (Tall)
Rap or Go to the League blimp, uh
Hit a home run off a bunt,
Yeah (Out of here)
She do whatever
I want, yeah
I had the Maybach for five years
I still never sat in the front, yeah
I bought her designer,
Lil' mama, I'm proud of her
She got a body, pick her out a lineup
She ever leave me,
I'm comin' to find her
Whip in the kitchen
Like chef at Katanas
YeahBack at it again, whippin'
Again, once again, yeah
(Whip it, whip)
Out on the East, park up the Benz,
I'm the same, yeah (Yeah)
Skrrt off the block, hittin' your crib,
No advance, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Rip off the shirt, rip off the,
Rip off the, rip off the pants
Do it no hands, yeah, do it,
No handstand (Do it, do it)
While we throw bands in,
While we throw bands up
They really wanna

Keep us outside
'Cause you know
We go way too live (Yeah)
Too turnt up for your club
4AM, ain't fucked up (Yeah) Whippin' again, whippin' and
Whippin' and whippin' again, yeah
Back at it again, back at it,
Back at it, back at it again
All winter, all summer
Range Rovers and black Hummers
Ain't go dumb,
I went dumber
When it go down,
Don't go under
Whippin' again, whippin' and
Whippin' and whippin' again, yeah
Back at it again, back at it,
Back at it, back at it again
All winter, all summer
Range Rovers and black Hummers
Ain't go dumb,
I went dumber
When it go down,
Don't go under

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>